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Vol. II

June, 1921

No. 21

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pedigreed bunk**





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# Captain Billy's Whiz Bang

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*America's Magazine of  
Wit, Humor and  
Filosophy*

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June, 1921

Vol. II. No. 21

Published  
Monthly

**W. H. Fawcett,** at Robbinsdale,  
Rural Route No. 2, Minnesota

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Entered as second-class matter May 1, 1920, at the post-office at Robbinsdale, Minnesota, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Price 25 cents

\$2.50 per year

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**"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is  
loyalty to the American People."—Theodore Roosevelt**

**Copyright 1921  
By W. H. Fawcett**



**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and  
dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States**



## *Drippings From the Fawcett*

OH, for a modern James Whitcomb Riley! Could the incomparable Hoosier poet be with us today, what a masterpiece he could make out of the ordinary news of the day. With such material at hand as this from the columns of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, he could bring tears to the eyes of those with fond reminiscences. Under a heading, "LAST ONE IN CHICAGO DESTROYED BY FIRE," the newspaper states:

The last one in Chicago burned down last night.  
The fire engine got around to the back yard of  
1102 Hastings st., too late.

Truly, brevity is the soul of wit!

\* \* \*

A NEWS article in the daily papers say a Chicago woman has filed suit against her husband on the ground that he refused to pare her toe nails, and the husband comes back with the counter-charge that she smeared her face with cold cream to such an extent that he'd get it tangled up in his hair during the night.

To our mind, this suit opens up some wonderful possibilities, especially, as Mr. Stillman would say, when the supply of Indian guides gives out. Supposing, as our London co-scribe says, a woman wedded to



a highlander discovered after the nuptials that her husband refused to shave the hair off his calves, might she not be able to file her divorce with reasonable hope of success?

Again, we have the man who, when taking a bath, within earshot of his wife's bedroom, insists on singing unbearable songs of the type the Yanks sang in France—

"She's Mademoiselle from Armentieres, who hasn't been kissed for forty years. Hinky Pinky Parley Vouz."

Surely a Chicago court would grant her a split from her spouse. And a husband who would bite his wife's mole also might be in danger of being divorced by a woman who believed she was entitled to a less emotional husband.

\* \* \*

TWICE, by urgent requests from ardent defenders of the fair sex, Whiz Bang has reproduced "The pedigreed Persian Cat" from its issue of May, last year. You'll remember it—the story prose of the perfumed kitty who wandered out the back door for air and was lured away by an alley tom cat, and who, upon her return later, told her kittens their Pa was a traveling man.

We've been waiting patiently for some traveling man to register his protest and step up with straight dope to refute intimation that a feline member of the fraternity enticed the perfumed pussy over the primrose path. And now we have it—a poem in answer, from the pen of one who signs "Josh M. Allong."



"I resent the intimation that a member of my profession was to blame," he writes. "The original poem is propaganda to whitewash the reputation of a loose and unprincipled female, even if she is only a cat. Therefore, I am writing the following true version."

*This Persian Kitty, perfumed and fair,  
Did not go out on the porch for air,  
But she saw that tom cat taking a stroll  
And she laid a plan to get his roll.*

*For she saw that he was a country swell  
Who would fall for any tale she'd tell,  
And, while acting so sweet and innocent,  
She was full of guile and devilment.*

*Then she led him along to a quiet spot  
Where they bring it along at a dollar a "Bot"  
And, while he spent his hard earned tin,  
She stole his watch and his diamond pin.*

*And, when she had him as clean as a bone,  
Sneaked off with her lover and left him alone,  
Hungry and footsore, to trod the way  
Back to the farm and the new mown hay.*

\* \* \*

After reading the accounts in the Saturday Blade of the Stillman divorce case, our hired man, Gus, asks me if he can have the job as "Indian" guide at my Pequot, Minnesota, cabin resort this summer and fall. Gus, however, is doomed to disappointment, because I have engaged a real half breed Indian for the job.



**A**LTHOUGH, as Gus, our hired man, says, Deacon Miller, my neighbor, doesn't like my Whiz Bang and claims he tears it up outside his door and lets the wind scatter the pieces of paper all over his wheat field, we'll have to give the Deacon credit for rearing a bunch of lady-like cows. One of the Deacon's bossies broke through the barbed-wire fence which separates his pasture from mine, while I was at Pequot. The cow unceremoniously walked into my house through the open door, looked at the pictures on the wall and then walked up to the mirror to see if her horns were on straight.

Not finding anyone at home, the cow, as is the custom, left her card and departed.

\* \* \*

Johnny Beaton, noted Minnesota Bohemian, told a rather good story the other day while he and I were shopping for schnapps in Minneapolis. During the inspection of our purchases, Johnny, who hails from Ranier, Minn., on the Canadian boundary, said he had recently engaged in a rip-roaring poker game. In this game were two Englishmen from the Canuck side of the line. The Englishmen always referred to a five-dollar bill as "a pound." "I'll raise you two pounds," said the first Englishman. "I'll make it five bloody more pounds," replied the second. About this time a local bootlegger, who had been testing his own product, blurted out as he pushed in his wad of money in the center of the table: "I'll raise you three tons." The bootlegger hauled in the pot.



## Our Movie Gossips

*Elinor Glyn is pursued by the ghost of "Three Weeks" and the gossips are trying to catch her flirting! Mary and Doug aid Bennie Ziedman in courtship for Marjorie Daw! Rudolph Valentino turns the tables of his separation-wife, Jane Acker! Bill Hart and Jane Novak may get married and live in Spanish "duplex"! My, my, what morsels of gossip we hear from our bevy of Hollywood and Los Angeles correspondents!*

**P**ITY Poor Elinor Glyn! Screen folk, suspicious because England's titian-haired authoress wrote "Three Weeks," are reported sleuthing around the Los Angeles hotels and cafes and the Lasky studio, trying to catch Mrs. Glyn flirting! Leastwise, the gossips are busy, and the dainty morsel upon which they are chewing is none other than Mrs. Glyn's purported fondness for dancing.

"Where's Mrs. Glyn?" they ask around the Lasky studio.

"Oh, somewhere dancing, I suppose," comes a reply in much the same tone as was used during the war when the ladies danced while friend husband dodged Whiz Bangs in France.

Mrs. Glyn's famous novel, "Three Weeks," might have been her worst personal faux pas. At the great



Navy ball in the Ambassador hotel, she remained for the most part of the evening on the balcony overlooking the ball-room floor, accompanied by one of her youthful actor admirers, and as her gaze passed over the heads of mere ensigns, four-strippers looked up, but feared to tread, maybe. At least, Mrs. Glyn did not dance with many, according to the correspondent of this great family journal.

Mrs. Glyn is writing a new story for the Lasky company. Of course the Lasky people aren't telling around just yet what the story is to be about, but the gossips whisper that it's to be like this:

A girl, born of a Russian dancer mother, and a staid American father, grows up into a beautiful woman. However, everyone who knew of her mother's wild, wild life, fear the girl will develop into the same sort of female. But she never does, until, way out west, she is bitten by a snake. Then she becomes so, so wild! Just what form her wildness takes, has not yet been ascertained. At any rate, the hero is right there at the climax wishing she wasn't wild (?) so he heroically sucks the poison from her wound and quiets her nerves again! It's called "The Great Moment."

\* \* \*

**I**T seems that since "Mary" and "Doug." have been married, they have turned into regular old match-makers. They are working on all their friends. Can it be they are just now concentrating on sweet, blonde Marjorie Daw, who is one of Mary Pickford's most intimate friends?



Marcel De Sano, the dark, handsome and entirely morose Universal director is believed infatuated with the fair Marjorie just now. He recently attended an informal little house dance in Hollywood and lurked in a shadowy corner all evening because Marjorie was not with him. Mary and Doug. are quietly and intensively working overtime to interest Marjorie in Bennie Ziedman, business manager for "Doug." Now, Bennie is entirely cheerful, he's a nice unaffected little chap whom everyone likes and they say Doug. pays him some fat salary! Bennie hasn't his supposed rival's mysterious South-of-Europe eyes and hair, but he's an enterprising, live-wire Yankee. Now, Mary and Doug. are a couple of sly, old match-makers. Maybe they know they will spoil everything if they urge Marjorie to choose Bennie, or if they knock any of her other suitors, so they adroitly throw Bennie and Marjorie together on many occasions. Whether Bennie and Marjorie are aware of this or not is a mystery.

Quite recently, Doug. was frightfully interested in purchasing a home at Santa Barbara. Of course, it being a business matter, Ziedman, the business manager, must needs go along to inspect the property. I think they even kidded several hopeful real estate dealers into believing that Mr. Fairbanks was really intending removing his famous family to Santa Barbara. At any rate, it made it possible for them to take Marjorie and Bennie to Santa Barbara for a week-end trip and throw them together for three complete days.

Nothing has developed yet, but all know Bennie's blush and his chronic suffering from shyness. Perhaps



he hasn't yet roused his courage, or is handsome De Sano getting in his quiet, intense deep stuff? All Hollywood wonders!

\* \* \*

**R**UDOLPH VALENTINO, the handsome young Italian actor who plays the lead in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is the husband of Jane Acker, who also plays leads in pictures. Valentino, it will be remembered, once was Joan Sawyer's dancing partner in vaudeville.

Well, anyhow, the Valentino family separated about a year ago. For a time, Rudolph was heart-broken over the separation and urged his mutual friends to help him make up the difference. Just then, Jane had offers galore from film companies and she was believed upstage and independent, and to have refused to consider Valentino for a second session. Now, lately, the tables have turned. Valentino has made a great hit in the Metro photoplay taken from the biggest seller of last year. He can just about command his own salary in filmdom from now on. And, wife Janie hasn't had such an easy winner. With dozens of companies ceasing to produce, offers haven't come bounding in at an alarming rate. Or perhaps Jane didn't know husband was such a capable actor and could make such a hit? Can it be she at last realizes what a precious jewel she has lost, and that now it is Jane's turn to hope they make up, and Valentino's to assert manly indifference toward the fair sex entirely? Hollywood wonders how it will come out.



CLOSE friends of Bill Hart say he is to marry beautiful Jane Novak, who has played so many leads in Hart pictures. All the evidence seems to point that way: Bill declared through the press that April 2 last, was his final day in motion pictures.

Jane will receive her final decree of divorce within a few weeks now. Bill is building on to his lovely home in Hacienda Park. The Spanish mansion now is divided into two sections with a long roofed corridor running between. The new wing of rooms has lately been added to the lovely mansion. Is Bill going to be a truly modern husband and keep his own sanctum sanctorum at one end of the mansion for himself and allow his wife to have a number of rooms in which she, of her own free will, may roam as she pleases? Most wives would never be bored with the sort of Bill who planned his romantic nest with such nicety!

. . .

### Only Four Months

"The Blue Velvet Band," "The Face on the Bar-room Floor," "Johnnie and Frankie" and scores of other red-blooded poems will appear in the Winter Annual of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang, "Pedigreed Follies of 1921-22," which will be published in October. This year, Whiz Bang's greatest entertainer will appear four times the regular monthly's size, and will contain, for the most part, brand-new stuff, but for the benefit of new readers, stories and verse from early issues will be reprinted. Only four months to wait! Don't write for last year's Annual! It was sold out within thirty days!



## A Short Story

His young wife laughed till she creaked as he slowly drank his iced tea.

"You are laughing," he said, wiping his well-formed lips with the hem of the tablecloth. "Why?"

"I just happened to remember," she said between gasps, "that I put the cyanide of potassium in the iced tea instead of the rat trap!"

It was too droll. He laughed heartily as he slid under the table.

\* \* \*

## A Single Woman's Geography

Cape of Good Hope—Sixteen.

Cape Flattery—Twenty.

Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.

Cape Fear—Thirty.

Cape Farewell—Forty.

\* \* \*

## Men

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar button, or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are a little better distinguished than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes, husbands, bachelors, and widowers. Bachelors are a commodity, husbands a necessity, and widowers a luxury, especially when making love.



## Arthur Neale's Page

I took my girl out last night, but when I tried to kiss her she smacked my face and carried on something terrible. When I got back to her house with her again I said: "Katie, what'd you want to lose your head for like that tonight?" She said: "Well, maybe I did lose my head. But I kept my reputation, thank God!"

\* \* \*

### Something to Worry About

In the new Folies Bergere show, Paris, the girlies are clad entirely in paint, news dispatches state.

\* \* \*

"Are your feet insured?" I asked  
A dancing girl from France.  
No answer. Then she said at last:  
"It's not that kind of dance."

\* \* \*

In any newspaper you can find pictures of charming women underneath which it reads: "Miss So-and-So, 20 years of age." (Why do those printers always leave out that word "was"?)

\* \* \*

As I was toying with the N. Y. Coffee Cake in the Times Square Automat the other day, I sighted an old friend I hadn't seen for several years. I went up to



him and said: "Why, Billy, where have you been keeping yourself all these years?" He said: "Well, early in 1914 I went to Paris to study art." "Is that so?" I said; "and did you get far with your studies?" "Well," he said, "it was like this. When I arrived there in June, 1914, we began by taking studies from the head. In July it was head and shoulders; and in August, in August that darned war started. Bad luck to the Germans!"

\* \* \*

*To make their dresses nowadays,  
Girls use a lot of cloth.  
But looks as if in future days,  
It's hardship for the moth.*

\* \* \*

HE: "I'd be tickled to death to teach you to swim."

SHE: "I'd be tickled to death if you did."

\* \* \*

*I saw a statue yesterday,  
And on the quiet between us,  
I think it's quite correct to say  
The lady's name was Venus.  
Unveiled in such and such a year  
Was written at the base.  
But those who took the veil, 'twas clear,  
Did not again replace.*

\* \* \*

*If she has a past, she needn't tell—  
The girl in a musical show.  
But if she possesses a birth-mark as well,  
It's something the whole world will know.*



They say that for a smart, wise lot of lads the New York hotel clerks are hard to beat. But not always. The other day I happened to be in the Astor lobby when a pair of young newlyweds came in from the street. The rice and confetti was still over them for all to see. The happy groom went up to the desk to register. In the course of the conversation I overheard this from the clerk: "Yes, sir; and do you want a room with twin beds?" Can you beat it!

\* \* \*

*"To follow horses isn't right,"  
My father always said.  
So what I follow every night  
Is chickens round instead.*

\* \* \*

## Reserved Seats

The Amorous One: Do you ever peep through the key-hole when I am sitting in there with your sister?

Small Brother: Sometimes. When mother ain't there.

\* \* \*

## Tasty Stuff

"His lips moved lazily over her face. 'You taste so good,' he sighed, and held her closer."—From "This Side of Paradise." There is a great difference in tastes, however. No person of discrimination would compare the taste of a sunkissed, flower scented maiden of the prairies with the flavor of a sootladen damsel from Pittsburgh or South Chicago.



### **Musings of a Bachelor**

Don't kiss him with a snap; be coy about it. Don't let him see the practice you've had.

Woman spends much time in thinking what she would do were she a man, while man spends much time knowing what he would do if he were a woman.

Some folk take pleasure in seeing that others have none.

A married man fell in a vat of moonshine mash and drowned, but the papers said he died in good spirits.

Love is an itching of the heart—a place where you can't scratch.

Girls, you can always tell if a man really loves you. If he says, "I love you," and drawls it out as if it hurt him, he's silver plated goods. If he says it as if he were ordering a glass of beer, that shows he is sizing up your dad's pocket book, but if he says "I love you," and hugs as if he'd never let go, and flushes up like a lobster, nail him; he's it.

\* \*

### **A Telephone Retort**

"Operator, if you will give me this number I will give you a nice, sweet kiss."

"Go to it, kid, I am standing on the receiver."

\* \* \*

### **High Explosive**

We have received a report of a New Orleans newspaperman who took a big swig of white mule hootch and then backed up against a bale of cotton and said: "Come on, big boy, let's go!"



## *Adventures of Sven*

**M**AY DEAR UNCLE BILLY: Ay taking may pen in hand with may arm in sling from getting struck by lightning for \$7.50. Ay bane working in gude moving picture they call "FADED OVER-ALLS" an Ay bane nature nobleman running 'round mountain 'bout saxteen mile an' skol carry bull calf on may back Ay skol pull out from landslide by hind feets. After while it skol began to raining when faller turn fire hose on me. I skol be standing under weeping willow tree somewhere in Montana yust back of electric lights plant in Hollywood. When faller turn on hose, calf she getting mad an' start to kick an' beller. Director he holler "Hold it," an' By Golly! Ay bat your life Ay hold her lak Dickens so she aint yump away. They got to getting tree struck by lightning in big storm so Ay skol die hero after Ay bane cattle thief already so Director holler "Ready," an' feller turn on yuice in wire that bane runing from tree to light plant. Bull calf she bane wet from hose lak me an' yump round till she skol getting her tail caught in crotch of weeping willow tree an' short circuit, so when faller throw in switch juice she run down calf's tail an' hit me in may neck so Ay see stars an' moons an' 670000.00 dollars worth moving pictures for two minutes an' when Ay skol waking up Ay bane in Mercenary



Hospital with blondy nurse girl giving may big shot home-made alcohol mixed with chile peppers. Ay swallowing quick an bane be knock out 'gan for sax hour till Ay getting sober up.

Ay meeting faller hyer name Yoe Martin they call Chimpanzy. He looking lak faller Ay used to know in St. Paul named Murphy. Yoe, he aint talk much but he looking lak hal. He bane quiet faller an' never going out an' get fresh with girls. He bane in Hollywood two year an' not skol getting divorce yet.

Ay get introduction to girl name Sweet Patootie working on set in Universal City. She skol kom from Fon du Lak Wisconsin because she looking lak Theda Barrels an' she aint skol making only nine dollar week in laundry. Ay aint know her only ten minutes before she swiping may watch an' saxy cent lunch money so Ay got to walk back to Loose Angels from Universal City. She making gude allright Ay bat your life.

Ay writing scenario called Viking Carlson, the Snus King from Stockholm. Ay taking plot from may own life an' Ay pay Scenario School \$75.00 for book telling how to getting rich writing play. After Ay write play faller that running school say he skol sell him on commission. There bane more ways to getting rich in Loose Angels than any other towns in United States. If faller aint skol sal may play Ay skol beat him up an' making may own picture. Ay play all parts an' direct picture too. Ay can getting gude camera from Sears Roebuck so Ay aint worry.

Work in pictures bane pretty slack yust now because most extra fallers bane washing dishes in down-



town restaurant to get fat for summer rush. Film companies bane talking to cut down wages for actors because room rent bane so high. Hotel keeper fallers lak to get actors out of town so they getting more room for Nebraska farmers with money. Small room in cellar with kitchen sink an' towel with red fringe cost \$185.00 first month an' \$320.00 second.

Most actor fallers eating in Caffeteria Lunch Room. Every faller march round in line lak looking on corpse at funeral an grab yunk off counter when you go by. After you skol eating you skol sneak out an not wash dishes but everything else you skol do self. Some fallers name Booze Brothers got lot of help yourself restaurants hyar an' one day Ay go in an' ask for Booze and cashier girl getting mad an' call police. She say this bane decent place an' we aint skol selling only orange cider made from lemons.

Ay got offer to yoin Salvation Army hyar but tank Ay skol stay in Moving picture business yust so long some may money hold out. The woman Ay meet Ay told you bout in last letter that bane going to star me yust so soon her husband go to Seattle she bane starring nother faller now so Ay get stung.

Ay tal you more nax month about how Ay kom out in Scenario writing game. Ay bat you when Mr. Griffith see may play he skol be surprised.

Yours truly,  
SVENS PETERSON

\* \* \*

Some women learn school-teaching or dress-making. Others cultivate natural assets!



## His Wires Were Crossed

A superintendent of a Sunday school who had got some new books, asked the minister to make an announcement after the service about the books.

When the service was over the minister had an announcement of his own. He said: "All those having children and wishing to have them baptized, will bring them in the afternoon between three and four o'clock."

The superintendent, who was hard of hearing, thinking the minister was talking about the books, rose and said, "All those having none and desiring some can be supplied by me. The ordinary ones at fifteen cents, and the special ones with the red backs at twenty-five cents."

\* \* \*

*He gorged himself with sausages,  
Until he almost burst,  
Then said they hurt my stomach some  
But hurt my liver worst.*

\* \* \*

## Kisses a la Carte

"I saw you kiss sister last night!"

"Did you, Bobby? Here's a quarter for you."

"Thanks. And then I saw you kiss the maid in the hall."

"Great Scot! Here's five dollars."

\* \* \*

When a dog has fleas he doesn't start drawing up an indictment against the universe. He starts to scratch.



## Havana's Passe Charms

*The author of this story, a Minneapolis preacher, recently returned from a tour of the West Indies for the Whiz Bang, and in this writing he depicts the gay carnival spirit which reigns in Havana because of America's prohibition.*

**BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL**

Pastor People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

**M**ANY are the travelers, like Pantagruel, in search of the *Dive Bouteille*—Holy Bottle, and who believe in its oracular utterance—"Drink!" The man who holds in veneration the memory of Noah, notices on entering Havana that the harbor entrance is "bottle-necked," and well "fortified"—with booze. The "Fountain of Youth" here is not water, but "cask"ades of wine and beer, etc. However, one needs the purse of Croesus, for if you want to drink you must pay what the bar wants to charge—a price as exorbitant as smuggled liquor brings in the States. If you remonstrate with the bartender, you may send for the manager, as my friend did, and have him say, "Don't bother me—tell your troubles to a policeman." If you are mad and tired of Cuba, go to Guadeloupe and Martinique in the French West Indies where the rent-hog is unknown; where a good room rents for \$7 a month;



where a course dinner, with a bottle of wine, at the best hotel will cost you only 40 cents; where rum punch is three cents a glass, wine five cents, and the best brands of champagne, \$1.50 to \$2.00 a quart. In Cuba you pay \$2.50 for a bottle of wine, and \$12 for a quart of champagne.

Pascal wrote than man was the "glory and scum of the universe." Much of the scum of the United States has floated to Havana. The lure of "spiritual" elixirs (there is a vermouth in town known as "Vaticano") has brought a "bum" element to the island. Havana has become a convention city for crooks who frequent the race-track, saloons and gambling hells. Most appropriately has the outline of Cuba been compared to the hammer-headed shark. Fights and brawls are common; city jails are full of American drunks and toughs. Cuba has imported laborers from Haiti to raise cane, but the worst "Cain-raisers" have come from the United States. Sterne said, "An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen"—an American does not care to journey here to meet such Americans.

The tourist, robbed right and left, need have little fear of the Havana señorita stealing away his heart. Her beauty is largely mythical. As a rule, the Cuban woman looks as if she had used a barrel of flour to powder her face, and her body is built on barrel-hoop lines. To powder she adds paint—mamma and her daughters are about the only paintings one finds in town. After viewing and reviewing these Spanish "beauties" (so inferior to our American beauties in the garden of love), one does not feel inclined to pur-



chase the books sold here in the stores: "The Art of Kissing in Twelve Lessons"; "The Art of Caressing in Twelve Lessons." Taken all in all, the Havana "angel" is an adorable, endurable inutility—an expensive luxury on which to hang fine clothes and diamonds. Pythagoras made it a rule to review every night what he had done during the day. Were she to follow his example, I fear she would soon be through, for she appears to be master of the art of doing nothing that is important.

Havana harbors many "ladies" of that species one calls ladies only between quotation marks. God made Cuba, but the Devil invented some of Havana's pastimes. The Cuban is "revolting" in his pleasures as well as in his politics. Streets along the water-front are lined by open bars and brothels brilliantly lighted—a mistake, because most of the inmates resemble female Calibans.

The witchery of the old time wanton is no more. With Flaubert one laments the passing of the *fille de joie*: "In olden times she was beautiful when she walked up the steps leading to the temple, when on her shell-like feet fell the golden fringe of her tunic, or when she lounged among Persian cushions, twirling her collar of cameos and chatting with the wise men and philosophers. She was beautiful when she stood naked on the threshold of her *cella* in the street of Suburra, under the rosin torchlight that blazed in the night, slowly chanting her Campanian lay, while from the Tiber came the refrains of the orgies. She was beautiful, too, in her old house of the *Cité* behind the



Gothic windows, among the noisy students, when without fear of the sergeants, they struck the oaken tables with their pewter mugs. She was beautiful when she leaned over the green cloth and coveted the gold of the provincials; then she wore high-heels and had a small waist and a large wig which shed its perfumed powder on her shoulders, a rose over her ear and a patch on her cheek. Fear not that she will ever return, for she is dead, quite dead."

Ten miles from town is situated the notorious "Casino" which is trying to emulate Monte Carlo with its glare, gold and girls. If you win anything there, you are lucky to get back to town with it without being murdered or robbed. Recently a young man, who made a fortune over night here, disappeared, and all they found of him was his leg. Not long ago a stark-naked woman was found dead near the Casino. The mystery has not yet been cleared up. At the gate entrance of this palatial gambling-hell, I noticed policemen taking the license number of every auto that arrived, to keep track of the chauffeurs, many of whom are crooks and cut-throats. If you do survive, and reach Havana in safety, the size of your bill makes you feel very "automobilious." Sad but true, it is easier to locate some of our United States diplomatic officials at the Casino at night, than in their offices during the day.

The Havana Oriental race-track has a bad name even among sports. There was no exhibition of fine, fast horses or fast time, simply a fast set who threw the races to the bettors who gave the most graft.



Boozing, betting and profanity were the characteristics of the human race at the horse-race. Yet foreign, literary, dramatic and musical reviews are crowded out of newspaper columns for daily ads. and write-ups on the elevating amusement of the Casino and race-track.

One cannot make an inventory of paradise in Havana without mentioning the carnival. At the Malecon I watched the Señoritas throw kisses and confetti—the confetti was six inches deep—and I wondered how it would be cleared up till I remembered the number of “rakes” there were on the boulevards. The Cuban’s idea of heaven is an endless Mardi Gras where he may throw star-dust confetti and waltz with the angels. However, the Havana carnival lacks the spontaneity and gayety of Nice, Venice and Martinique, it being more of a fashion show.

The populace takes little note of time save in the dance. All society, from A to Z, thronged the theatres and club-houses where they revolved like automata on a music-box. I witnessed one ball in a small hall where six policemen were stationed to keep the dancers within the bounds of decency.

Cuba has declared a moratorium, yet the people are neither paying each other nor the United States, and act as if sugar were up to 25 cents a pound. They cry for financial aid, yet I witnessed a Sunday carnival where \$75,000 was foolishly thrown away like so much confetti.

The Havana youth is a dissipated dude who improves his mind by strutting and staring on the piazzas, and accosting women with insulting looks and



words. With him cursing passes for rhetoric. His time and money are well spent at race-track, cock-pit, roulette table and the harlot's house. He is familiar with all liquors except the stimulating wine of progress.

God has made Cuba beautiful with her altar-like mountains, smile of the sea, waving palms, fragrant fruits and flowers and sweet cane-fields, but Satan has entered this Eden and left his slimy trail. Cuba, "The Pearl of the Antilles," has been trampled under the hoofs of human swine. Too often the C in Cuban character stands for cupidity, carnality, crookedness, cabals, charlotanism, "Caramba" cursing, and contempt for Americans.

Lot left Sodom and was saved. As I sailed away from Havana, I said with Solomon, "Vanity, vanity, all is Havanaty."

\* \* \*

### The Garter

Consider the garter. It toileth not; neither doth it sin. It stretcheth far, yet giveth not. When comes night it relaxeth, yet morn finds it willing and ready, yea, happy to take up its appointed task. It hath no visible means of support; it upholds its end and other things; it is the tie that binds. Without it our lives would indeed be loose lived. It enters far into the career of woman, yet, blows no horn about it. It hideth modestly. Once off the shelf of a blatant shop it retireth for life and man sees it no more.

\* \* \*

All the world knocks a knocker.



## **Questions and Answers**

**Dear Captain Billy**—I am writing a scenario on army life. Could you suggest an appropriate title?—**Amy Tour.**

How about: "Rumors From the Seventh Pew." All soldiers will appreciate it, I am sure, and especially the Pugetites from Seattle who live on the Sound.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Bill**—A friend and myself have an argument and we wish you to settle it. Where hangs the sign: "Don't leave your seat until the machinery stops running"?—**Sultan of Kokomo.**

Well, your sultanic majesty, the only place I recall having seen such a sign was on a merry-go-round, but it might also have appeared on our Robbinsdale trolley.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—How can I become adept in the shimmy dance?—**Flora Daw.**

Walk fast; stop quick. Continue this motion.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—Why do girls roll their stockings?—**Noah Count.**

Because they are afraid the teddy bears will chew the tops off of them.



**Dear Uncle Billy**—While sitting in front of a bath house at Hot Springs I fell asleep and soon found myself swinging in a hammock in a shaded nook of the dells of Wisconsin. Nearby sat a young lady magnificently gowned in a low neck and short skirt creation, with her feet on a sugar barrel reading to me from the Whiz Bang. In the distance came a short, fat man carrying two bottles of Hamm's Export just off the ice. I was about to reach for a bottle when the heavy hand of Friend Mac touched me on the shoulder and awakened me. What I want to know is, what should I do to Mac for shaking me out of my dream before the climax.—**Ham Spear.**

Your story reminds me of some of my dreams in the Islands, when someone would always awaken me before the Colonel had time to hand me the discharge papers I was dreaming about. I would suggest you pour hot water on Mac next time he slumbers. He will then dream of entering the gates of hell.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper**—I'm in love with a fat girl and she insists on sitting on my lap. Advice, please.—**Kennett B. Goode.**

Suggest that you place an ironing board over the arms of a chair. You could then hold her on your lap indefinitely and not get tired.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper Bill**—Can you give me the name of a rare and almost extinct bird?—**School Johnnie.**  
Old Crow.



**Dear Skipper Billy**—Give me a definition of falling in love which “in the spring turns a young man’s fancy,” etc.—**Bob Wire.**

Love is a feeling that you feel when you feel you’re going to feel a feeling that you’ve never felt before.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—What is a Whiffem Poof?—**Geo. Logical.**

A Whiffem Poof, Geo., is a small fish that swims backward to keep the water from running into its eyes.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—Can you give us a new phrase or word to describe the bedroom movies in which ladies are shown in the filmy robes du nuit, etc.—**Screen Hound.**

How would it be to call such pictures “Filmies”?

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Billy**—Would you recommend walking on an empty stomach as an aid to digestion?—**Horace D’Oevers.**

Walking on an empty stomach is excellent for indigestion, but be careful who you walk on.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper Billy**—What is your idea of the height of imagination?—**Ross Field.**

To sit on a cake of ice and have someone throw limburger cheese in your face and imagine you are having a sleigh ride.



**Dear Bill**—Who was the best known enlisted man in the United States army?—**Count Lehman.**

Joe Latrine.

\* \* \*

**Dear W. B. Bill**—I'm a bashful young man. How can I have a girl?—**Busch Wah.**

Wiser men than I have puzzled over this question and never found a solution. However, I don't see why you want one.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Bill**—Who is it that attracts all the town girls to the depot, and who always suspects the playing card manufacturers, and who causes the farmer to load his shotgun?—**Watt Hoe.**

Traveling Men, of course, God bless 'em.

\* \* \*

**Dear Skipper**—What is considered the safest place on a battleship?—**Otto Know.**

I believe if I were a sailor during an engagement that I might find it necessary to seek the seclusiveness of "the head."

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Bill**—Will you please tell me what is a Nymph?—**Farmer Boy.**

A Nymph, my boy, is a hasher with a good form who gets a job in a bathing girls' show exhibiting her Prowess.

\* \* \*

Democratic as he is, even the bootlegger treats his friend, the cop, from the bottle reserved "For Officers Only."



## Limber Kicks

*Of sweethearts she has quite a few,  
They come from near and far;  
But the sailor who comes there each night  
She calls her evening's tar.*

\* \* \*

"Won't you step into the parlor?"  
Said the spider to the fly.  
"You bet your life I'll not," she said,  
And winked her other eye.  
"You must think I'm easy,  
And that you are very sly,  
No knock-out drops in mine, sir,  
For I'm a Spanish fly."

\* \* \*

Mary had a little lamb,  
A joyous, youthful mutton;  
And when they played at parlor games  
'Twas Mary got the butt'n.

\* \* \*

Little Mary had a monkey  
On a painted stick,  
She sucked the paint all off one day,  
It made poor Mary sick.

\* \* \*

The boy sat on the moon-lit deck,  
His head was in a whirl;  
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,  
And his arms were full of girl.



## *Whiz Bang* Editorials

*"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet"*

LIFE is a jest and all things show it; I thought so once but now I know it," is Gay's gloomy epitaph in Westminster Abbey. Did he receive this impression when he walked the streets of London? In his poem, "Trivia," he tells us how to walk the streets, what to wear, the good people to address, the industrious ones to encourage, and the bad folks to pass by.

Poe, in his "Man in the Crowd," writes of the mass of people, and of beggar, tramp and peddler; of the modest, pretty girl; of the women of the town like the statue in Lucian "with a surface of Parian marble and with interior filled with filth"; and of a man who walked all the crowded streets of London to get away from himself.

De Quincy visits the Strand and says: "There one feels like a single wave in the total Atlantic—like one plant in the forest of America." The loneliness of his heart oppresses him among the crowd of unending faces which have no friendly word for him, and he stands "among hurrying figures of men weaving to and fro, seeming like a masque of maniacs or a pageant of phantoms."



Stand on the corners, walk the streets of our own big cities, the capitals of the Old World, or far-away countries, and behold the extremes of work and idleness, vice and virtue, sickness and health, innocent mirth and mad amusement. The people follow each other like the waves of a storm-tossed sea, and long after you have returned to your room their walking, talking, laughing and crying comes to you like the sad moan of the sea trying to be at peace.

Nature is the place to study God in the book of field, mountain and ocean. City streets are the place to study man in the sham, struggle and sin of life.

In the afternoon and evening, work gives way to play. All classes meet and mingle on the street; silk and cotton, glove and hard hand, auto and carriage, revel in a democracy of delight. It is as necessary and natural to play as to work, and we must have rest, recreation and rejoicing.

At night good people say an early "Good night," read their Bible, pray, put out the light, and snore. The Devil begins just then to light his red lamp and lead his votaries into paths that too often end in disease of body, darkness of mind, and death of soul. Next morning high society may hush up the disgrace and infamy, but guilty hearts know their own bitterness and that evening's comedy has turned to morning's tragedy.

Cities resemble a Demon's brain, and the women of the night are its evil thoughts. There are too many wantons with powdered face, brazen look and leering laughter; too many giddy girls with bare necks and



shoulders, abbreviated skirts and hobbled feet walking the streets.

If there were no girls,—but there are more girls than boys, and necessarily for wives and mothers to fill the vacancies caused by war, vice and death. If there were no streets,—but streets are essential as arteries of commerce, avenues of friendly meeting and public parade.

Morning, noon and night we walk the street and see dishonesty, impurity, poverty and disease,—old and young jostling each other in seeming joy; but their tell-tale faces speak of a heart with a secret grave of shame, where they fear they may stumble over a ghastly grinning skull that will mock their joy.

It will take more than Art Galleries, Symphony Concerts, Parks, Vice Commissions and Grand Jury reports to make the streets of city life clean and its boys and girls good citizens. The cure for sin is not a piece of court-plaster to cover over wrong, but the Gospel of hand, head and heart that trains a child's soul, mind and will in the way he should go so that when he is old his steps will not depart from it.

\* \* \*

THE merits and demerits of prohibition and the lawful consumption of the grand old hootch of the good old days have been subject to warm debates as far back as history can be traced. Here's one from Hollinshed's *Chronicles* of 1577:

We distinguisheth three sortes thereof—Simplex, Composita, Perfectissima—Beyng Moderately taken, sayeth he, it sloweth age, it strengthen youth; it helpeth digestion; it cutteth fleume; it



abandoneth melancholie; it relisheth the taste; it lighteneth the mynd; it quickeneth the spirites; it cureth the hydropsie; it healeth the strangury; it pounceth the stone; it repelleth gravel; it puffeth away ventositie; it kepyth and preserveth the hed from whyrlyng, the eyes from dazelyng, the tongue from lispyng, the mouth from snafflyng, the teethe from chatteryng, the throte from ratlyng, the reason from stieflyng, the stomach from womblyng, the harte from swellyng, the bellie from wirtchyng, the guts from rumblyng, the hands from shiveryng, the sinoews from shrinkyng, the veynes from crumplyng, the bones from akyng, the marrow from soaking—and trulie it is a sovereign liquor if it be orderlie taken.

Sir Walter Scott brought out the point that prohibition is as intemperate as drunkenness, when he wrote:

"Know, foolish Saracen," replied the Christian without hesitation, "that thou blasphemest the gifts of God....."

"The juice of the grape is given to him that will use it wisely, as that which cheers the heart of man after toil, refreshes him in sickness and comforts him in sorrow. He who so enjoyeth it may thank God for His wine cup as for His daily bread; and he who abuseth the gift of Heaven is not a greater fool in his intoxication than thou in thine abstinence."

\* \* \*

LITERARY criticism is prone to make a great deal of bother about something that nobody cares two pins for, but sometimes, after the fabric of discussion has been thoroughly masticated, literary criticism does come down to bed rock and agree on one point which is incontrovertible. Among the subjects in which there is at present a universal agreement is the declaration that the American short story is the highest in perfection of any form of fiction that is put out in the world. Even the French, artists as they are, must take a back seat when it comes to the writing of tales that are brief and effective.

It was the coruscating Ouida who emphasized the fact that flowers of the most exquisite beauty have



their origin in the backyard heaps—wonderful passion blossoms bloom gorgeously in surroundings that are the worst. The connection has never been established, but the coincidence is indisputable, that the vaunted American short story, so clean morally and so harmless that the most modest virgin may read it without fear of being corrupted, is modeled upon the naughty story, conspicuously American in its construction, which would paralyze with horror any virgin who should happen to lend to its recital an attentive ear.

If one could but divest himself of his moral pulchritude, what paens of praise would be poured forth in honor of that sinful and abhorrent thing, the naughty story! It is so brilliant, so forceful, so perfectly filed down and sharpened and polished until its edge is like the edge of a Damascus blade and its point is finer than a needle's! Instinctively the teller of such a tale flings aside every detail which is not absolutely essential to the narrative. There is not a word too much. There is not a trace of description which could be dispensed with. All—all is sacrificed to the exigency of brevity and to the final effect.

\* \* \*

### A Song Without Music

My sweetheart's a mule in the mine; I drive her without any line; on the bumper I sit, and tobacco I spit, all over my sweet Jenny's spine.

\* \* \*

### Our Monthly Motto

Wine, women and song are the ruination of man, so I've cut out singing.



## Baseball Extra

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn played first base and Fiddle on second base. Backed by Corn in the field made it hot for the umpire. Apple, who was rotten. Axe came to bat and chopped. Cigars let Brick walk and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty scored. Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch, but went straight up. Then Cherry tried, but went wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by a pitched ball, then you ought to have heard Ice scream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Bread loafed on third base and bumped. Organ, who played a fast game, put out Lightning. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow what he could do. Hammer began to knock and Trees began to leave. The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. Lightning finished pitching and struck out six men. In the ninth Apple told Fiddle to take first base and then Song made a hit. Trombone made a slide and Meat was put out on the plate. There was a lot of betting on the game. But Soap cleaned up. The score was 1-0. Door said if he had pitched he would have shut them out.

\* \* \*

Jonah to the whale: How far are we from land?

Whale: Three thousand miles.

Jonah: Don't leave me, big boy!



## Smokehouse Poetry

Introducing, in our July issue, George J. Liebst, alias "The Hobo Jungle Poet of the West!" Swing under Number Nine of the Santa Fe line with our knight of the bumpers and beams next issue and attend, in verse, Mr. Liebst's "Hobo Convention" at Portland, Oregon! The author explains that the clickitty-clack of the wheels on the rails, as he hears them from a swinging position on the rods of Number Nine, furnish the metre of his jungle poem. He tells you who was at the great convention—

"Texas Slim from Lone Star.

"And Jack, the Katydid;

"Lonesome Lew from Kalamazoo.

"And the San Diego Kid."

Put on your hobo clothes and travel with the Whiz Bang to the "convention" in the July issue!

Next month we're to witness a great ball game, in which the Mighty Casey, who, as you may recall, struck out in the famous ninth and lost the same for Mudville, stages a comeback! Get ready for this "curve." It's a home-run winner!

. . .

Way down in the Garden of Eden  
Was Adam with Eve on his knee.

They never sat down.

But just laid around,

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.



## The Island By the Sea

*The following lines were written by a soldier of the United States army while under restriction and confinement as a general prisoner at Alcatraz Island, California. There has been a dread about this military citadel which is only equalled in the regular army by the Philippine prison of Bilibid. Both are looked on as dark hell-hole dungeons for the regular soldier.*

### By An Alcatraz Prisoner

Only a short ride from 'Frisco,  
On a rock resting out in the sea;  
A dungeon for "soldier convicts—"  
The home of the U. S. D. B.

There we lay on our bed of hard metal,  
And think of our life among men,  
Ever wishing our life was far distant,  
Or could be lived over again.

The death-colored chambers of madness,  
Where all rights are evermore gone;  
Oh, is there no chance for freedom,  
Will we never again see the dawn?

To be beaten and thrown in a dungeon,  
Where the eyes of mankind are blind;  
To be left for dead in this hell-hole of dread,  
Eternally losing your mind.

So, hear the cries from the "big-house,"  
From the souls who go down in the strife,  
Where souls are evermore striving  
And thrown by the wayside of life.

Oh, list to the cry from the inmates;  
Assist in this hour that is blue,  
For the ones who are good and the ones who are bad  
Are as good or as bad as you.

\* \* \*

*I was born in the spring, I died in the fall,  
But I won't tell St. Peter, I lived in St. Paul.*



## Dusty Holden's Philosophy

This life is but a game of cards,  
Which every one must learn.  
Each shuffles, deals and cuts the deck  
And then a trump does turn;  
Some show up a high card,  
While others make it low,  
And many turn no cards at all—  
In fact, they cannot show.

When hearts are up, we play for love  
And pleasure rules the hour,  
Each day goes pleasantly along,  
In sunshine's rosy bower.  
When diamonds chance to crown the pack,  
That's when men stake their gold,  
And thousands then are lost and won,  
By gamblers, young and old.

When clubs are trump, look out for war,  
On ocean and on land,  
For bloody deeds are often done,  
When clubs are held in hand.  
At last up turns the darkened spade,  
Held by the toiling slave,  
And a spade will turn up trump at last,  
And dig each player's grave.

\* \* \*

## Department Store Gossip

"Lizzie went out with that floorwalker clown,  
She said he was filled full of booze  
And made her get out and walk back to town,  
But there wasn't no mud on her shoes.

"Far be it from me to run a girl down,  
Mistakes I will always excuse,  
But when one declares she walked back to town  
I look for the mud on her shoes."

\* \* \*

## "Fifi" Stillman's Lullaby

Rock-a-bye baby, little Jay Leeds,  
Daddy has women more than he needs;  
Through a divorce I'll get lots of cash,  
Because your dear daddy was a little too rash.



## The Poppy's Answer

*Publication in the May issue of the Whiz Bang of "In Flanders Fields" has brought many requests for "The Poppy's Answer," and thus, by special permission of the author, we offer it herein.*

By D. H. Winget

In Flanders fields we poppies grow,  
That all the passing world may know  
We herald peace—surcease of pain,  
For those who fought now live again,  
Not in cold stone or mortal arts,  
But in the depth of loving hearts,  
We bloom afresh above our dead,  
Our blossoms deck our hero's bed  
In Flanders fields.

Our Father called us into bloom,  
To deck and shield each soldier's tomb  
To bask and glint in glory's stream,  
And fashion every soldier's dream,  
As 'neath our roots he sweetly sleeps,  
Each poppy true her vigil keeps,  
And gently to the breeze she yields  
Her soothing breath  
In Flanders fields.

\* \* \*

## The Girl In the Garden

She lifts her skirts from danger,  
With her left hand, while her right  
Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger  
Gets a very shocking sight.

The neighbors gaze with rapture,  
And their interest daily grows,  
For they like to see her sprinkle,  
And they like to watch the hose.

\* \* \*

His eyelids closed, his breath came fast,  
His eager lips met hers;  
They parted ere the week had passed—  
She had a set of furs.



## Past, Present and Future

You've heard the tale of Daphne of a hundred years ago?  
 You haven't? Well, I'll tell you. It's a thing you ought to know.  
 Though pretty smart at most things (for her age was seventeen)  
 She didn't know the proper way to wear a crinoline.  
 For instance, when the winter winds came tearing through the town  
 She made the most ridiculous attempts to hold it down;  
 And thus it was that often as she tacked across the street  
 The people got a view of her that wasn't only feet.

You've heard, of course, the story of the Daphne of today?  
 You haven't? Well, I'll tell you. It's funny in a way.  
 In spite of all the teachings of the Grundies and the Prims,  
 She hasn't yet discovered how to cover up her limbs.  
 For instance, though the crinoline perplexes her no more.  
 She's in the same predicament, precisely, as before.  
 And when she's sprinting for a bus, with little time to lose.  
 The people get a view of her that isn't only shoes.

I hate, of course, to moralize, to lecture or to prate,  
 But troubles have their ending if the troubled only wait;  
 And probably, if Daphne's good, and patient as a saint,  
 The skirt will pass to savages, and she will have their paint;  
 And that will keep its proper place, whate'er her attitude,  
 And satisfy the conscience of the most exacting prude—  
 Unless a rainstorm comes along that nothing does by halves.  
 And then we'll get a view of her that won't be only calves!

—A. B. M.

\* \* \*

## The Pleasure Pier

(Ocean Park, California)

One night as I strolled on the sand,  
 The hour of twelve was near,  
 By chance my wandering footsteps led  
 Me underneath the pier.  
 Ye Gods! the people I saw that night,  
 As I strolled along my way;  
 Behind each piling they 'rose like ghosts  
 And silently faded away.  
 I saw there men; and women, too;  
 And friends I held most dear,  
 And I turned and fled (for I wasn't alone).  
 As I strolled beneath the pier.



## Jeu D'Amour

By Enid R. Clay

March winds were blowing when we met—  
    (And so the game was started)  
You blew a breath of love to me  
    That left me broken-hearted.

June roses scented all the air—  
    (The game seemed so worth winning).  
Their glory mingled with your kiss,  
    And never thought it sinning.

And still for some the March winds blow.  
    And roses perish never;  
For all my play—and some must lose—  
    Forever and forever.

\* \* \*

## Christmas at the Workhouse

It was Christmas at the workhouse,  
    And the convicts gathered there.  
They were sitting at the table,  
    Partaking of their fare,  
When the warden quietly entered,  
    And he shouted through the cells,  
"Merry Christmas, good old convicts,"  
    And the convicts answered "Bells."

Now this made the warden angry,  
    And he swore by all the Gods,  
"You shall have no Christmas pudding.  
    You're a dang big bunch of slob." *laugh*  
Then spoke the oldest convict,  
    With a voice that was not pure,  
"Just take that Christmas pudding,  
    And shove it in the sewer."

—By Dan Moriarty.

\* \* \*

## Underneath the Barroom Floor

"Twas a balmy summer evening  
    And a goodly crowd was there  
But it wasn't in the barroom  
    For the barrooms now are bare.



## The Maiden's Lament

*That Perkins' boy is awfully slow  
Parley vou.*

*That Perkins' boy is awfully slow  
Parley vou.*

*That Perkins' boy is awfully slow  
He believes me when I tell him "no."  
Hinkey dinkey parley vou.*

\* \* \*

## A Lady's Query

By W. D. Nesbit

- Is it ladylike to giggle?  
Is it ladylike to wink?  
Is it ladylike to ride a horse a-straddle?  
Is it ladylike to wiggle?  
Is it ladylike to drink?  
Is it ladylike upon the beach to paddle?
- Is it ladylike to mutter?  
Is it ladylike to stare?  
Is it ladylike to do those fancy dances?  
Is it ladylike to sputter?  
Is it ladylike to swear?  
Is it ladylike to use expressive glances?
- Is it ladylike to gurgle?  
Is it ladylike to joke?  
Is it ladylike to boast of being wealthy?  
Is it ladylike to burgle?  
Is it ladylike to smoke?  
Is it ladylike to know that you are healthy?
- Is it ladylike to shiver?  
Is it ladylike to weep?  
Is it ladylike to walk through forests shady?  
Is it ladylike to quiver?  
Is it ladylike to peep?  
Is it ladylike to be a little lady?



## ***Budd's Bundle of Bunk***

**BY BUDD L. MCKILLIPS**

"My," said the old lady after her first night auto ride into the country, "the people who fix automobiles will make a lot of money tomorrow. Every few blocks there was a car standing with nobody around it. It was so dark that I couldn't see if they were smashed up, but I guess the people must have walked back to town."

\* \* \*

### **Omar Up To Date**

What is it the bootlegger buys  
One-half so vicious as the stuff he sells?

\* \* \*

### **Blank Verse**

EMIL ASKED CLARA  
TO TAKE  
A WALK WITH HIM  
AND PICK FLOWERS,  
BUT  
CLARA'S BROTHER  
CAME ALONG,  
AND SO  
THEY PICKED FLOWERS.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bloolaw laid down her newspaper with an angry snort. "I see where they are talking about



reviving the 'Passion Play'; another of those disgraceful shows, I suppose."

\* \* \*

"How much," asked John Burroughs in his daily Nature column, "does it cost to set a tree out in the street?"

Some festive friends of ours set a bartender out in the street in the days B. P. and if memory is correct it cost them \$10 and costs.

\* \* \*

"People Who Ride in Our Car Never Have to Walk Back Home" advertises a St. Louis automobile agency. The girl in the house next door says a hat pin gives her the same assurance.

\* \* \*

If there's one secluded spot  
That I would like to own  
And fence about, 'tis that small plot  
Where my wild oats were sown.

\* \* \*

She asked him if he'd take a seat,  
But he, his blushes hiding,  
Replied that he preferred to stand,  
For he'd been horseback riding.

\* \* \*

The porcupine may have his quills,  
The elephant his trunk,  
But when it comes to common scents  
My money's on the skunk.



## Film Feast Fights

*Ah! Now the dainty damsels of the screen have the excitement for which their artistic temperaments crave! For the edification of the filmland folk, Los Angeles hotels have introduced the prize fight as a dinner attraction, partly supplanting the dinner dansant, and here we have diminutive Bebe Daniels cavorting at one of these film fight feasts, rubbing elbows with effete Kid McKoy, whose barefoot partner, as Richmond states, put on her shoes and walked out.*

SOCIETY prize fights are the latest in Los Angeles and Pasadena. The winter tourists, society people and so on have fallen. Didn't Anne Morgan set the example in New York? Main dining rooms have been turned into prize rings, where, during a lull in the supper dance, the fighters, their seconds, water bottles, cuspidors and other necessary adjuncts are led forth.

No, prizefighters don't generally have cuspidors; they generally spit in the water bucket or on the floor; anyhow, they spit. They can't help it.

The swell hotels of Pasadena and Los Angeles already have staged their preliminary fistic functions. There is no bunc about the fights, at least so far as appearance and appurtenances are concerned. The men wear regulation ring clothes and, as everyone knows, this means they can't wear much more than



most of the women present, who shriek with delight and false alarm at the thud of brawny fists on hairy breasts and bloody noses.

Whiz Bang is not long-haired, consequently can't be against a good boxing contest or a fight, whatever it is they call them. But one may entertain an opinion that some things were meant for men and if there is anything a man is better fitted for, or can do better, than women, for heaven's sake let him do it.

The Alexandria-Alec, as it popularly is known, initiated the fad in this burg. The society editors must have been there for one thing, judging from elite galaxy of names which appeared next day.

Kid McCoy also was there, appearing somewhat better in his tux than most of the non-athletic looking gentlemen present. The Kid emerged recently from his ninth (or was it his fifteenth?) matrimonial experiment. He married a dancer of the films, a bare-footed one. But evidently she put on her shoes and walked out.

The literary lights were somewhat in evidence. Guy Price, Eddie Moriarity and H. M. Walker, with the assumed or naturally bored air that seems to mark the popular newspaper sporting writers, were taking in the innovation or being innovated in the taking in, whichever it was. Moriarity and Walker said who won the fights and from their dour looks one would never judge they write funny titles for Semon and Lloyd.

Tom Mix jumped into the ring as referee. Those who watched paid well for it. But there was dinner, of course, and a dance, thrown in.



Bebe Daniels was one of the first on the floor. Not that Bebe seemed overly excited about it. But the proud looking young man who trotted her out seemed not without fear that his appearance with the fair Bebe might be overlooked if he didn't get an early start upon the ball room boards.

But Bebe was worth looking at; incidentally, one of the few modest looking women on the floor. They say she is stuck up. They say that about most of the really stellar female attractions of the screen. But the insider opines that Bebe's bored look combines a sense of humor and the common sense of a young girl who finds that the glitter and night adulation are mostly 18 carat bunc. Yet Bebe danced and danced.

As we have said before, society doesn't know what to do about the picture stars, especially if they are starettes. But to miss seeing them, so one can talk about what they wore and whom they were with, that would be *ultra ignoramus*, as one might aptly say. Just what a bunch of supposedly high bred society women, Miss Morgan to the contrary, can see in the spectacle of two men slamming each other around the ring passeth, no doubt, some portion of the male element.

Sounds like we are getting sermony. Far be it from us. There are worse things than women in evening garb gushing over mostly naked men fighting in the main dining room of our swell hotels.

One thing about Mary and Doug.; they are fairly exclusive. Some of the younger stars might do well to emulate them. Yet, perhaps before a star becomes a



luminous planet it must do its sparkle; cast its lesser light, until the fact that it does not glow at every gay party can cause more comment than the mere presence, thereat, would cause.

Mary and Doug. are becoming more talked of because they stay home than because they step out. Of course, Mary and Doug. have something to chat of among themselves again, now that Nevada is talking marriage annulment again.

We still remain firm in our predictions of months ago that Nevada has more talk than annulment in her system, so far as the Fairbanks family is concerned.

\* \* \*

### **An Arkansas Honeymoon**

A young, newly married couple boarded a through train, bound for Little Rock to spend the honeymoon. The young man at once began looking for the Pullman conductor, it being a night train. Finally he found that official and began: "Say, Mister, me an' my wife here just got married an' we want the best 'commodations you've got on this train."

"You are looking for a berth, I presume?" queried the conductor.

"Thunderation! No!" shouted the irate groom. "Didn't I tell you that me an' my wife just got married?"

\* \* \*

A London man who went to Dublin to join the Royal Irish Constabulary was arrested as insane. In view of the present condition of Ireland the evidence against him seems conclusive.



## *Pasture Pot Pourri*

Yoo-Hoo! Skinny! C'mon over, 'n bring your own bottle.

\* \* \*

There was an old man from Trenton,  
Who gnashed his false teeth till he Bentem;  
When asked what he'd lost, and what they had cost,  
He replied: "I don't know, I just Rentem."

\* \* \*

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND LET THE MOONSHINE IN.

\* \* \*

Never miss anything that's been saved.

\* \* \*

It's better to be brought up on a bottle than to be  
brought down by one.

\* \* \*

A small boy's idea of greatness is to be able to lick  
another boy a size larger.

\* \* \*

*Lip to lip  
Nose to nose,  
Flippety flop,  
Away she goes.*

\* \* \*

When your good home brew is old and cold,  
Call me up and revive my soul.



## A Story for the Children

Oh, chase me, kid, I'm a lollypop!  
Aw, g'wan, d'yuh think I'm an all-day sucker.

\* \* \*

## Would You?

*I would if I could, but I cant;  
I wish I could, but I can't;  
'Twill do me no good to think  
What I'd do if I could;  
I might, but I probably shan't.*

\* \* \*

Irate Father: Dorothy, has that young man gone yet?  
No, but I've got him going.

\* \* \*

## Second Stanza

Getting married:

Meet me at eleven and by twelve we'll be one.

Getting divorced:

Meet me at twelve and by one we'll be two.

\* \* \*

A raisin in wine saves time.

\* \* \*

## Famous Army Songs

The Larger the Spoon the Louder the Noise.

\* \* \*

Gus, our hired man, says he was engaged to a girl who had a wooden leg, but he broke it off.

\* \* \*

## Latest Popular Song

"Babes in the Wood," by James A. Stillman.



## ***Classified Ads***

### **Want One, Girls?**

(From Minneapolis Journal.)

**"For Sale—1920 Mormon chummy."**

\* \* \*

### **There Must Be a Reason**

(From the Warren, Ohio, Tribune.)

**Wanted—Gentleman I spent Sunday evening with to write me at my address in the office where I am employed. I couldn't act different from what I did.—Dot.**

\* \* \*

### **Chicago Has Preferences**

(From Chicago Tribune)

**To Rent—Studio apartment with private bath; married couple preferred. 58 E. Elm Street.**

\* \* \*

### **Oak Cliff's Secret**

(From Dallas Dispatch)

**Lost—Monday, In Oak Cliff, one Spencer corset, slightly used. Suitable reward.**

\* \* \*

### **Here's An Easy Job!**

(From Tampa Times)

**Wanted—Gas engine man on twin party boat. Little pay, lots of fun, no work. Phone 71-042.**



### Sodaeye, Do You?

"Give me a plain soda without any flavor."

"What kind of flavor would you like it without?"

"Oh! I'd like it without vanilla flavor."

"Sorry, sir! I'm out of vanilla. You will have to have it without chocolate, sir."

\* \* \*

### Where They Rattle

Two little girls were playing on the street and a well-dressed lady passed them with swish and a whirl. By the noise it was evident that she wore a silk petticoat. "What makes that noise?" whispered one little girl, with a wondering look. "Sh!" said the other child, in a low voice, "don't you know she's got money? Rich folks always rattle and smell good."

\* \* \*

### Frank Lynn's Dope

When skirts and waist lines meet as one,  
'Twill be as when the world begun,  
And in fig leaves again we'll roam,  
And wonder still why the men leave home.

\* \* \*

### The Anti-Cigarette Crusaders

"I can't understand how men can put those nasty pipes and cigarettes to their lips," she mourned, and then bent to kiss the little bundle of life in her lap. And the poodle dog, sympathizing, snuggled closer against its mistress' swan-like neck and wagged its little tail.



## *Our Rural Mail Box*

**Smokehouse Friends**—Ye editor has received many calls for the following poems, and would appreciate receipt of correct copies of them: "Johnnie and Frankie," "Arkansaw" and the prose of the Irishman lecturing with lantern slides the story of Cleopatra.

\* \* \*

**Anna Dine**—Snow again, Anna, I don't get your drift.

\* \* \*

**Mickey Finn**—There is nothing to the rumor that the girls will wear blacksmiths' aprons for bathing suits this summer.

\* \* \*

**Howe Hevah**—"The Skin Game" is not the name of a play. It is a profession indulged in by beauty doctors.

\* \* \*

**Mac**—If the brass finger bowls are not large enough, would suggest that bushel baskets be used.

\* \* \*

**Shimmy Dancer**—If you do, we'll take off our jumper and overalls.

\* \* \*

**Kitty Korn**—I can't place you, but I knew your father, Pop Korn.



### He Led in Prayer

An old railroad man was converted, as the story goes, and was asked to lead in prayer. Here is the way he worked it: "Oh, Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift my feet off the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence; make all couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off to sidings, especially those with a blind end. Oh, Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white line of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the Ten Commandments as a schedule time, and when my train shall have pulled into the great, dark station of Death, may Thou, the Superintendent of the Universe, say with a smile: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come up and sign the payroll and receive your check for eternal happiness.' "

\* \* \*

### A Robbinsdale Salad

A young chicken, undressed; a little pep; lettuce.

\* \* \*

### Just Like Old Crow

Once again the husband came staggering home late.

"Oh, John, have you been drinking again?" sobbed his wife as she caught a whiff of beer.

"No, dearie; you wronged me; I've been eatin' frogsh' legsh, and you smell the hops."



## It Pays to Advertise

BY OXNARD PETE

IT isn't necessary to read magazine stories any more. The editor tells you all about them in "eye catchers" at the beginning. They read like this:

• "*Mary's Garter*," by R. Ubberneck. A snappy and re-elastic love story that stretches the imagination to the breaking point. No "honi soit" stuff here.

"*100 to 1*," by N. O. Chance. A race track story. Like a gambler's watch chain, it has a "charm" that holds the eye.

"*Frozen Tears*," by P. North Poole. Returning, after years spent in the far north, John Snow's wife gives him a cold welcome. He finds that Eskimo maidens may have cold feet, but warm hearts. A tale of polar bears, whale blubber, seal blubber and plain blubber.

Don't fail to read "*Way Down Yeast*," by Holmes Brewer, in our next issue. Mr. Brewer's stories are as funny as a barrel of monkey wrenches; his wit as spontaneous as a fire sale in Goldstein's clothing store. And as unique as a drink of real whiskey.

"*Down in the Deep*," by Professor U. Drinkwater. A scientific article on the peculiarities of the Zoanatha-



ria actina, mesembryanthemum, tealia crassicornis and other anemones. Too deep for any one but a highbrow to wade through.

"*Lucy's Looseness*," by E. Strong Onion. A story with a smile, some tears, and seeming to breathe throughout, the fragrance of old Bermuda.

. . .

## The Way with Men

By Warford Frederick.

A sweet

Conceit

Is its own excuse,

I think, don't you?

I hope you do.

Two neat,

Small feet

And a shoestring loose.

I bend, don't you,

Before that shoe?

One glance at the shoe and two at the silk,

And an ankle showing as white as milk;

And I tie a knot that will slip again!

For that is ever the way with men.

\* \* \*

It is a rare man, girls, who shakes the furnace as he shakes his shoulders.

\* \* \*

Verily much Mazuma goeth over the bar the cash register knoweth not of.

\* \* \*

There are lots of men who treat tomorrow and treat yesterday, but never treat today.



## Jest Jokes and Jingles

### That Girl You Lost!

Long though a man recalls the achievements of his life, yet it is quite often the little things he failed to achieve that linger longest in his memory; even after he has forgotten her name and whether her eyes were brown or blue.

\* \* \*

### The Garbage Blues

*Rocks in the mountains,  
Fish in the sea,  
A garbage man's daughter  
Made a dump out of me.*

\* \* \*

### Remorse

Those dry martinis were too much for me.  
Last night at twelve I felt immense,  
Today, I feel like thirty cents.  
But it is a poor time for mirth and laughter,  
The cold, gray dawn of the morning after.

\* \* \*

*I went to a dance with a girl named Nora.  
We danced and we danced on the floor-a,  
I heard a rip, and I knew by chance  
That Nora had lost her desire to dance.*



## A Modern Man's Prayer

Oh, please, give me a woman who can make real beer.

\* \* \*

It's all right to shoot the bull provided you don't give a bum steer.

\* \* \*

## A Sun Dodger

They sat in the park, out there in the dark,  
And the chaperone thought it quite shocking;  
She found 'em all right, for she saw in the night,  
The radium clock on each stocking.

\* \* \*

## We Clipped This

(From Fayetteville Press.)

Shore is tough these days, to try to tell a girl a good joke and have her say: "Never mind, I read Whiz Bang myself."

\* \* \*

It wasn't the drink that killed poor John,  
Nor a sight that took his breath,  
But he read a Whiz Bang, so 'tis said,  
And laughed himself to death.

\* \* \*

## An Alabam' Ad

Wanted—Boy for bakery. Must come well bred, an early riser, born in the yeast, a good mixer and will get his dough every Saturday night.

\* \* \*

*When Phyllis lets me tie her shoe  
My glad heart sings. Indeed,  
I do declare, I wouldn't care  
Were she a centipede.*



## Rosy Roses of Army Daze

A Camp Dix, N. J., "shave-tail" was giving his men a talk on personal hygiene. Finishing his verbal exploitation, he said: ". . . and men, profit by my example; when I finish drilling in the afternoon, the first thing I do is to take a bath and shave; then, when I retire I feel rosy and cheerful." Whereupon one of his disciples emerged from the ranks with his hand raised to a salute, saying: "Beg pardon, lieutenant, but we ain't got any Rosy."

\* \* \*

There was a young person named Willy  
Whose actions were what you'd call silly;  
He went to a ball,  
Dressed in nothing at all,  
Pretending to represent Chili.

\* \* \*

## Prohibition Proverbs

No brew venture, no brew have.  
Empty flask never won fair lady.  
A case in the cellar is worth two in the brewery.  
Much falls between the hip and the lip.  
He that reckons without his cellar must reckon again.  
A fool's flask is soon empty.  
As you brew so shall you be respected.  
One good sip deserves another.  
If you drink before you try, you may repent before you die.



### Some Female Types

The Alarm Clock Type—Shrill voice, large hands and a plain face.

The Wrist Watch Type—Small framed, handsomely embellished; very erratic.

The Mantel-piece Type—Pretty features, with nothing reliable behind them.

The Big Ben Type—Hardest to face in the morning.

The Wall Type—Very fancy, having a good swing, and goes “Cuckoo” without attention.

The Eight-day Type—Steady and reliable, but, once started, stops for nothing less than an axe.

The Ingersoll Type—Goes through fire, flood, famine and earthquake without changing in constancy, yet, once lost, its owner doesn't think it worth the price of an advertisement.

\* \* \*

The big girls who have little brothers,  
Who always run and tell their mothers  
Whate'er they hear and see, know well  
In life 'tis little things that tell.

\* \* \*

A pretty girl jumps to the conclusion that every man she meets wants to kiss her. And the wonder of it all is that she is right.

\* \* \*

### Circumstantial

Hattie—Do you think he loves her?

Mattie—My dear, I know it. I saw them come out of the study after the last dance, and her hair was a sight!—Williams Purple Cow.



## Sweethearts a la Carte

By Jane Gaites.

Tommy was a butcher,  
He had a cutting way,  
Johnny was a burglar,  
For he stole my heart away.  
Jimmie was a cowboy,  
He roped me in for fair.  
Dick was an aviator,  
So I bade him take the air.  
Teddy was a sailor,  
He bought my ring on sale.  
Jerry was a beer fiend,  
It makes me turn quite pale.  
A tennis champ was Nicky,  
But his racket made me sick.  
Then came red-haired Georgie,  
And he surely was a brick.  
Jackie was a card sharp,  
He often held my hand.  
But give me Bill,  
He's just a bear—  
Oh, boy, he hugs so grand!

\* \* \*

Eat less, breathe more.  
Talk less, think more.  
Ride less, walk more.  
Worry less, work more.  
Clothe less, bathe more.  
Waste less, give more.  
Preach less, practice more.



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